**“Crabbuckit”**

by k-os

Took a trip on a bus that I didn't know

Met a girl selling drinks at the disco

Said you'd come back when you let it go

Seems complicated ‘cause it's really so simple

Walking down Yonge Street on a Friday

Can't follow them, gotta do it my way

No fast lanes, still on the highway

Moving in and out, no doubt there's a brighter day

[chorus]

No time to get down 'cause I'm moving up

No time to get down 'cause I'm moving up

No time to get down 'cause I'm moving up, ah-ah

Check out the crabs in the bucket

[repeat]

It's like flies on the windowscreen, writing on walls

Square these clones claim they're having a ball

Blaming themselves just before last call

Tic-a-tic-a-toc, tic-a-tic-a-toc

Clock strikes twelve, clock strikes one

Smoking Gun put these fools on the run

I know it's not that simple, I know it's not that hard

Where's your goal?

[chorus X 2]

You know what I mean

Yeah, I heard ya, man

Yo check it out

Yeah, it's a conniption fit on the microphone lit

I take it higher like a bird on a wire

Retire the fire, I never cause I'm just movin' on up

Choosin' to touch the unseen, cravin' the clutch

The most inevitable legible pyromania

Slayin' the devil and sending them back to Transylvania

Strangely enough I uphold that side as ghetto

From my heavy metal, will settle the puppets like Gepetto

Damn if mirrors were created by sand

Then I'm looking in the water for reflections of man

Understand the minds above time when it's empty

MC tragically hip ahead by a century

Rah!

[chorus X 2]